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Germany, and in the ensuing campaign, in June 1743, were of the brigade of English cavalry at the battle of Dettingen. The army being surprised into action, and not having an opportunity of calling in their outposts, the regiment was but 180 strong in the field; after having sustained a very heavy cannonade from three batteries for an hour and forty minutes, they charged the French gendarmes, drawn up six deep to sustain the weight of British horse. From a failure of one of the flank regiments of the brigade, of which the enemy promptly took advantage, the regiment was surrounded and overpowered, and forced to fight their way back through the enemy, as the only means of preventing their total annihilation. In this charge the regiment had fifty-six men, and six officers killed and wounded,* making nearly one third of the whole. For the remainder of the campaign the regiment did duty but as one squadron. Many had hitherto been the taunts and *souches* which the two English regiments had thrown upon the VIRGIN MARY'S GUARDS, (for so the Blacks were termed, being mostly all Roman Catholics,) but from this period the tables were turned, and St. Patrick protected the honour of his countrymen. Having served in that engagement in the 33rd Regiment of foot, (JOHNSTON'S) I had fortunately an opportunity of preserving the life of a French nobleman, and having occasion to fall into the rear of the line, to protect my prisoner, I came immediately behind the Blacks, and I then saw an old veteran corporal, and half a dozen comrades, who had fought through the enemy, and were literally covered with wounds; he addressed his companions with observing their present wretched condition, that they had begun the day well, and hoped they would end it so, and collecting this small squadron of heroes, they re-charged the thickest of the enemy, and in a second of time not a man of the little band survived. Cornet Richardson who carried a standard, received seven and thirty cuts and shots upon his body, and through his clothes, besides many on the standard, and being questioned how he contrived to save the colours, he observed, (like a true Hibernian,) that if the wood of the standard had not been made of iron, it would have been cut off. The regiment being provided with new standards the ensuing winter, each Cornet was presented with the particular standard he had himself carried, as an honourable testimony of his good behaviour. In 1745, the Regiment was at the battle of Fontenoy, and on that field there was not a man or horse wanting of their full complement. One man indeed had been left behind at Brussels, wounded in a duel, but there having been brought up to the Regiment, in a number of recruits, one man more than was wanting, the General had ordered him to be kept at his own expense till a vacancy should happen, so that in reality the Regiment was by one man more than complete in its number. In this action there was a trooper in the regiment, named Stevenson, whose horse had been shot early in the morning. The regiment saw no more of him till next evening, that he joined them at Ath. The men of his troop insisted that he should give an account of himself; that he was unworthy of being a *Ligonier*, and that he should not attempt to stay in the lines. Stephenson demanded a court-martial next day, it sat, and the man being questioned what he had to say in his justification, he produced Lieutenant Izard of the Welsh Fusiliers, who declared that on the morning of the action, the prisoner addressed him, told him that his horse being killed, he requested to have the honour of carrying a firelock under his command in the grenadiers, which was complied with; that through the whole of that day's action he kept close by him, and behaved with uncommon intrepidity and conduct, and was one of nine grenadiers that he brought off the field. Stevenson was restored to his troop with honour, and next day the Duke presented him to a lieutenancy in the regiment in which he had behaved so well.

Quarter-master Jackson was the son of a Quarter-master in the regiment. His father not having the means of providing for him, the young fellow went on board a man-of-war in a fleet going to the Mediterranean. A party of

the crew made a descent on the coast of Spain: this was in 1734. The party was surprised, and Jackson made prisoner by the Spaniards. In order to obtain his liberty from a gaol, after twelve months captivity, he enlisted in the Spanish army, and the year following, being in command on the coast of Spain, his party was surprised by the Moors; he was made prisoner, carried to Oran in Barbary, and exhibited as a slave for sale: the English Consul seeing something in his appearance that made him suspect he was his countryman, spoke to him, and finding him a British subject, purchased him, brought him home to his house, and made him superintendent of his family. After some years, he obtained his discharge, returned to Ireland, and found his father still living. Lord Ligonier permitted the old man to resign his warrant to his son.

Some time after this, the regiment being upon Dublin duty, Jackson, in passing through the Castle-yard, observed a soldier standing sentinel at the gate, and perceived that as he walked by, the soldier turned his face from him, as if to conceal himself. Jackson returning to the barrack, found himself unusually distressed. He could not banish the idea of this same sentinel out of his mind; he had an anxiety that he could not account for or suppress, to know who he was; and going next morning to the Castle, he waited the relief of the guard, and found the man that he wanted. Jackson addressed him, told him that his face was familiar to him, and begged to know where he had seen him before: in short, in this soldier, he found his protector the Consul of Oran, who had redeemed him from slavery. The account that he gave of this extraordinary reverse of fortune, was, that shortly after they had parted, his affairs ran into confusion; he had out-run his allowance; had overdrawn, was recalled, and obliged to return to England, where, upon his arrival he enlisted with the first recruiting party that he met, and now was a soldier with his fortune in his knapsack. Jackson made every return in his power to his benefactor: obtained his discharge from the infantry, had him appointed a trooper in the Blacks, and shared his pay with him. But in the course of six months the unfortunate Consul died of brandy and a broken heart.

I returned with the regiment to Ireland, in March 1747. From the time of their leaving Ireland, there never was an instance of a man's having deserted—there never was a man or horse belonging to it taken by the enemy, nor a man tried by a general Court-Martial.—There was but six men who died a natural death; and there were thirty-seven private men promoted to commissions.

FINE ARTS.

No. 3.

Historic Sketch of the past and present state of the Fine Arts in Ireland.

(Continued from page 99.)

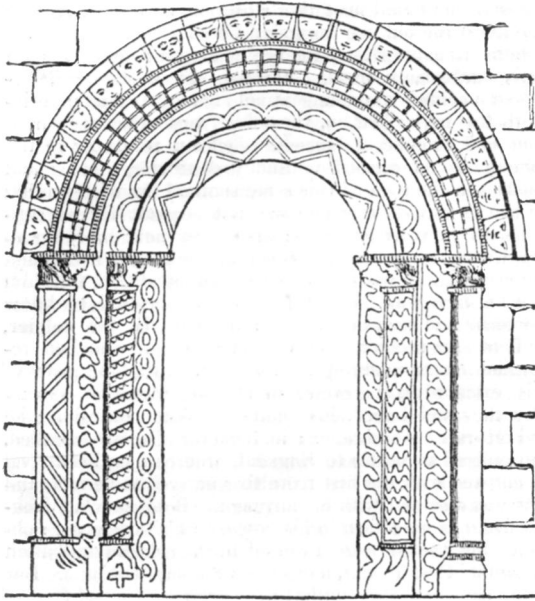
A new era in the history of the Arts throughout the whole of Europe commences in the twelfth century. The conversion of the Normans to Christianity, and the stability of their conquests—the fashion of pilgrimages to Rome and the Holy Land—the Crusades, and various other causes, with which, we may presume, our readers to be already sufficiently acquainted, concurred to give a new impulse to the human mind, and to let in a fresh stream from the fountains of taste, which had been so long neglected and dried up.

The influence of these circumstances extended even to our remote Western Isle. Under the long and vigorous usurpation of the whole monarchy by Turlough O'Connor, King of Connaught, the Arts, after a long night of darkness, enjoyed a ray of morning sunshine, revivifying, indeed, but not intense enough to nourish them to maturity. Bridges were, for the first time, thrown across the largest of our rivers: Castles were built of unusual magnitude: The decayed churches were re-edified with a rude splendour of ornament and decoration hitherto unknown in the island: Stone crosses were raised, of more picturesque form and of greater variety and elegance of traceries: and the works of our carvers and jewellers more than rivalled in execution, as well as taste in design, the treasured relics of their ancient foreign predecessors. In the style of art of this

* Colonel Ligonier, Captains Stewart and Robinson, Lieutenant Cholmley, Cornet Richardson, and Quarter Master Jackson; Robinson and Jackson died.

period, however, we perceive but little change from that of the preceding ages; it was still the corrupt Roman, only rendered more grotesque by a greater mixture of Eastern embellishment. The artists also were still chiefly to be found in the monasteries, and their labours almost exclusively devoted to sacred purposes.

We have many interesting remains of this period yet existing. The Bridges and Castles of Turlough, have, indeed, been long since destroyed, but the Cathedral Church of Tuam, which he re-edified, and Cormac's Chapel at Cashel—an edifice ignorantly ascribed to an earlier age—the church of Disert, and many other in-



Doorway of the Church of Disert, County of Clare.

stances, still exhibit beautiful examples of that style of architecture, known by the various appellations of Saxon, Norman, and Lombard. The Stone Cross of Tuam, a dilapidated and neglected monument, may be particularized as the finest specimen of its kind now to be found in our Island: and the Cover of the Bell of St. Patrick; the Cross of the Archbishop O'Duffy; the Crozier of Cormac Mac Carthy; and, above all, the Shrine of St. Manchan, made at the expense of Turlough's son, Roderick—a work which the annalists call the most beautiful piece of art ever executed in Ireland (*opus pulcherrimum quod fecit opifex in Hibernia*) may still be referred to, as evidence of the extraordinary excellence to which the arts of carving and jewelling were carried previously to the extinction of our ancient monarchy.

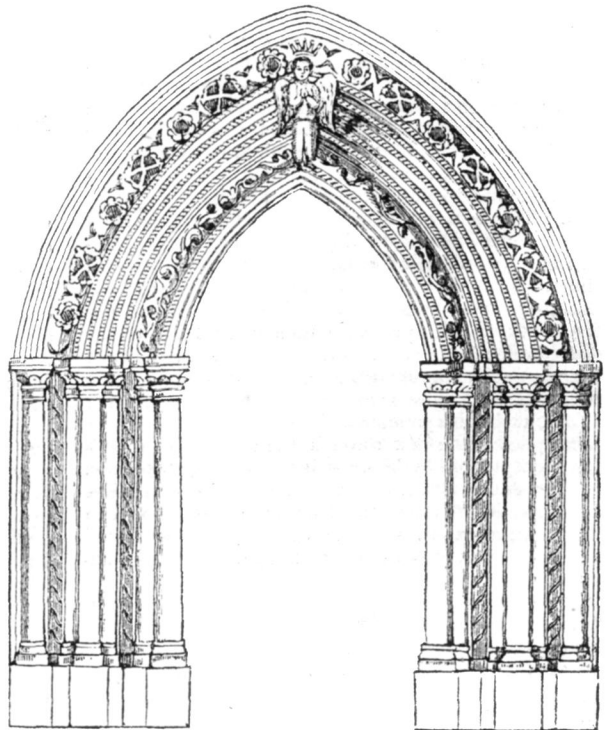
The stormy reign of Roderick O'Connor, the last native King of Ireland, must necessarily have been unpropitious to the advancement of the Fine Arts in the island; yet that unfortunate Prince appears to have given them such encouragement as his means allowed, and some of the edifices he erected were probably not inferior in extent or magnificence to any of which the country could yet boast. Of these, the Castle of Tuam was one of the most remarkable. It was called "the wonderful castle;" not, however, as seems generally supposed, from its having been the first edifice of the kind erected in Ireland, but on account of its novel construction and great strength. We have examined the small remains which yet exist of this celebrated fortress, and found it to have been erected in the Norman fashion of the time. It consisted of a strong keep, with an extensive courtyard, surrounded by out-works, with towers at the angles, and protected by a deep fosse, into which the water of the adjacent river was

forced to flow. The Monastery of Cong, a nobler monument of Roderick's reign, is to be seen in its neighbourhood. This was the sanctuary in which he himself found refuge, and we trust peace, in his latter days—a sweeter spot for a wounded spirit to seek repose in, and to shelter from the storms of a world which, to him at least, was bleak, could no where be found. The proportions of this venerable edifice are unusually ample, and in the decorations of the door-ways—in which we may observe the characteristics of the pointed style struggling for the ascendancy with those of the old corrupt Roman—there is an elegance of taste, and a beauty of execution, which are not perhaps to be paralleled in any other monastic remains in Ireland.

The partial conquest of our Island by the Anglo-Norman adventurers, appears to have been conducive for a while to the progress of the Arts. Their characteristic love of splendour, was provided with means for its gratification, by the extent of their newly acquired possessions. To secure their conquests, they erected castles of stern but princely grandeur; and, though their historian, Cambrensis, complains, in the spirit of a true ecclesiastic, of their ingratitude to Holy Mother Church, yet the ecclesiastical edifices which they founded were many, and have never since been equalled in beauty or magnificence. In proof of this assertion, we have only to refer to the Abbey of Dunbrody, in the County of Wexford, founded by the infamous Hervey de Monte Morres; the Priory of Athassel—so beautifully situated on the Suir!—in which the bones of its founder, the great William Fitzadelm, repose; Saint Patrick's Cathedral, and the Priory of the Holy Trinity (Christ's Church), in Dublin, which latter has been erroneously attributed to a different period.

In this pious or ostentatious spirit they were emulated by several of the native princes, who by their valour, or good fortune, still retained considerable portions of their ancient inheritances. The Cathedral Churches of Cashel, Limerick, and Killaloe, founded by the O'Brien's; the Abbey of Ierpoint, by Donogh O'Donogh, King of Ossory; the Abbey of Boyle, by MacDermot, of Moylurg, Mellifont Abbey, by Donagh O'Carroll, and many others that might be named, are coeval monuments, inferior, perhaps, in magnitude to some, but in no other respect second to any the proudest structure of their invaders.

In the ecclesiastical edifices of this period we perceive the imperfect triumph of that beautiful style of pointed

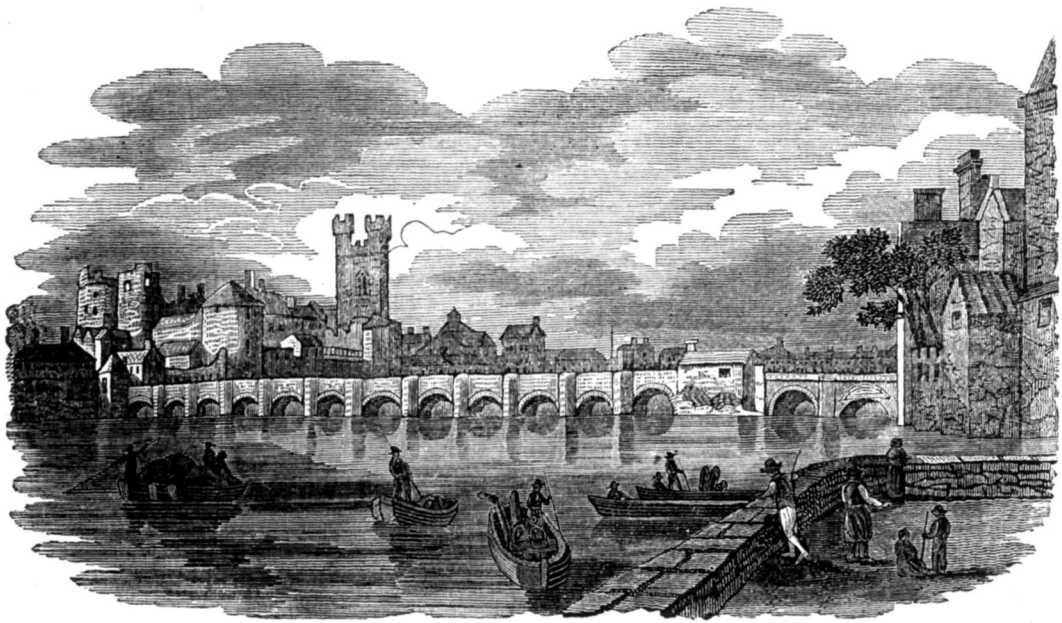


Doorway of Mellifont Abbey, County of Louth.

architecture, so long known in Europe by the appellation of "Gothic," a term, however, which the architectural antiquaries of the present age, seem generally disposed to reject: towards the conclusion of the succeeding century it arrived at its highest state of perfection.

The origin of this style has occupied the attention, and divided the opinions, of most of the learned and able antiquaries of England and elsewhere, and still remains involved in uncertainty and conjecture. It would be foreign to our purpose, to enter into a minute investigation of the various theories which have been promulgated on this subject; but we may observe, that we cordially concur in opinion with those authors—and they are far the greater and more judicious number—who derive the pointed arch, the characteristic feature of the style, from the East, and suppose it to have been introduced immediately after the Crusades.—To us, indeed, it appears that nothing but the most mistaken national zeal could have induced learned and ingenious men to employ their talents, and hazard their reputation, in the vain endeavour to win for Britain the honour of inventing the style, on such feeble grounds as those which they have stated—namely, the supposed origin of the pointed arch, as having arisen from the intersection of two semicircular ones, of which an instance has been discovered in a church of the eleventh century. A little reflection would, we think, at once suggest, that the arch formed by a slight deviation from the inclined sides that by their concurrence from the apex of a triangle, would be the earliest and most obvious attempt of its kind; and that it was so, the observations of the most intelligent travellers have proved incontestably. "The advocates of the early origin of the 'pointed style' in Gothic architecture," says the learned Dr. Edward Clarke, "will have cause enough for triumph in the Cyclopean Gallery, at Tiryms, exhibiting 'lancet arches' almost as ancient as the time of Abraham." And he afterwards observes, that "it is evident that the acute or lancet arch is, in fact, the *oldest* form of arch known in the world, and that examples of it may be referred to in buildings erected before the war of Troy." "Lancet arches" are to be found also in the Cyclopean buildings of Ireland, as well as in many of the early churches and round towers, in which that style was still preserved. We have no

intention, however, of claiming the invention of the pointed style for Ireland, for it is not (as certain Bœtian builders of modern churches seem to imagine,) the mere presence of pointed arches in an edifice that constitutes what is properly called a Gothic building, but the harmonious adaption of all the parts of the structure to that, its leading feature. And, if we consider that such an arrangement must intuitively, and of necessity, have occurred to the *skilful* architect, who, in constructing an edifice, should adopt the pointed arch, as the distinguishing characteristic of its style, we shall, perhaps, be at no loss to account for the origin of "Gothic Architecture;" or for the apparently extraordinary circumstance of "Gothic" churches having appeared simultaneously in almost every part of Europe. We are borne out, we think, in this conclusion, by a reference to the pointed architecture of England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. We see, indeed, the architects of each country travelling at one and the same time towards the same goal, but yet by very different routes. Each endeavoured, by successive efforts, to get rid of unharmonious incongruities; and though they might, and we are sure they did, borrow occasionally from each other the graces which individual fine taste suggested, they still preserved in their general details, such individual characteristics as make the ecclesiastical architecture of each nation peculiar, and distinct from that of every other. If these observations be well founded, it is vain and useless any longer to enquire what country invented the pointed style of architecture. It was the natural result of the adoption of the pointed arch in ecclesiastical architecture, at a period when the principles of taste began to be generally understood and acted upon. "When men enquire," says Horace Walpole, "who invented Gothic buildings they might as well ask, who invented bad Latin? The former was a corruption of the Roman architecture, as the latter was of the Roman language. Both were debased in barbarous ages, both were refined as the age polished itself; but neither were restored to the original standard. Beautiful Gothic architecture was engrafted on Saxon deformity; and pure Italian succeeded to vitiated Latin." But we wander, perhaps, from our subject, though we hope and believe our readers will pardon the digression.



Thomond Bridge, Limerick.

THOMOND BRIDGE, LIMERICK.

Among the various interesting objects which the scenery of the Shannon presents to the lover of the picturesque and antiquarian, the several bridges thrown across its mighty stream, to connect the opposite provinces, are

not the least conspicuous or imposing. The former will look with pleasure at the picturesque variety and irregularity of form observable in their rude arches, and their long and low horizontal length of outline will remind him forcibly of one of the most frequent incidents in the classic compositions of the great Italian landscape painter,